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AUGUSTUS STORY,

A MEMORIAL PAPER READ BEFORE THE  
ESSEX INSTITUTE.

MONDAY-EVENING, MAY 14, 1883.

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BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.  
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[FROM HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, VOL. XX.]

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## AUGUSTUS STORY.

### A MEMORIAL PAPER READ BEFORE THE ESSEX INSTITUTE

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BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

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MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE,  
FELLOW-TOWNSFOLK AND FRIENDS :

THE service to which you have called me is one which I could not find it in my heart to refuse, sensible though I am of my inability to do anything like full justice to the subject you have placed in my hands.

To delineate the life, portray the character, recount the services and kindnesses, and reproduce the spiritual image of the loved and honored friend whom we meet to remember, is to me, I confess, a somewhat delicate and difficult task.

In the first place, when, as here, the subject of our eulogy is one who was quiet and undemonstrative in all his works and ways,—more given to do right and to “do good” than to “communicate” his thoughts and feelings, plans and purposes,—we instinctively shrink from seeming to intrude upon the sacred privacy of his modest spirit, even when he has become to us only a memory, by words of commemoration and comment; while, at the same time, we feel that it is precisely these examples of quiet, unostentatious worth and steadfast integrity which

peculiarly deserve and demand to be magnified in the eyes of the living, in a world so full of shams and snares and delusions. And yet, again, this very recognition of such cases of silent and solid worth, in order to be adequately emphasized, sometimes involves a multiplication of words that seems altogether disproportionate to the simplicity of the subject,—the unassuming efficiency of the character commemorated.

But I have, myself, yet another and twofold difficulty to contend with in delineating the life and character of the friend of whom you have asked me to speak, namely : that during those periods of his life when our paths ran side by side, I was too near him to survey him calmly and analyze his character, to look at him as has been said from the proper focal distance, while in the later and far longer portion of his life, I was too far from him to give, at first hand, an intelligent account and estimate of his work and services.

Still, notwithstanding these discouragements, it is as a labor of love that I come to-day to perform as well as I may the work you have assigned me ; and my sense of insufficiency is somewhat alleviated by the reflection, that the difficulties I have to contend with are incident to all biography, and such as, in some form and degree, any one would have had to encounter who should have stood in my present place.

If I had supposed, indeed, that it was merely in his relations and services to this Library and Historical Institution, you wished to have set forth the claims of a departed fellow-member and benefactor to grateful remembrance, and his example held up to imitation ; or, even in his wider sphere as a fellow-citizen, a man of business, a public servant, a dispenser of charity, a neighbor and associate, whose record and character were known and

read of all men — then I might have felt at liberty to decline the office of being your spokesman on this occasion and leave the place to some one who could better fill it, of the many who for so many years had walked and worked day by day at his side.

But the fact of your sending so far away for one who, for half a century, has had only distant and intermittent acquaintance with the doings of his native town, would seem to imply that your thought had no such limitations — that it simply seemed to you natural and proper that the tribute to be paid to the memory of this man of worth should come through the lips of one who had been among his earliest and most intimate companions. And with this title I have cordially accepted it as at once a duty and a privilege to speak of my old friend before *his* older and later friends, as I may be able.

For, grateful as the task is, that does not make it an equally easy one. There is such a thing — many a biographer knows — as being too near the subject he would fain describe. One needs to have his object *at arm's length* (if I may so speak) in order calmly to survey and faithfully to delineate it. Otherwise (as I fear may be in some degree my own case in the present instance) the atmosphere of sentiment may veil the truth which faithful history would reveal.

The morning sun of school and college friendship — and in that light my old friend ever lives the most vividly in my world of the soul — this and the evening sunlight of memory combine to throw over my associations with him a golden haze, which may somewhat interfere with a distinct presentation of the traits of his character, or a colorless report of the incidents of his life.

I have been dwelling so long on these general and preliminary reflections (some of which might perhaps as

appropriately have been remanded to the end of this paper) partly, because I felt that your ready sympathy would give them their personal application to the subject out of which they grew and around which, in my own thoughts, they cluster, and partly, also, for the reason that I seemed to myself to have so small an amount of detail, after all, to communicate, and because so large a part of that little, I felt, would be what you yourselves already know far better than I can tell it, belonging to a record ever visible to all men and reflecting a heart open as the day.

And yet even now, before going on to the narration of details, which perhaps is the proper business of this paper, I am tempted to pause a moment longer and ask you to ponder one or two thoughts suggested by this very slenderness of historical material in a life so full of impressiveness and whose withdrawal leaves such a void in the community.

It *was* what we may call an "uneventful" life — a life of honest, homely task-work — not heroic in the sense of the worldly worshippers of outward display, but perhaps the more truly heroic in the sight of the Supreme Taskmaster, who knows the secret struggles of the spirit against its fleshly encumbrances and weaknesses, and its manly and godly self-devotion to high, humane and enduring objects.

And what a striking and instructive thing it is that these lives of quiet and persistent goodness — that make the least noise while they continue on the earth — are the ones which leave the profoundest sense of loss when they disappear from the midst of us, sinking into the heart of the community with a deepening impression of their value and vital importance to society; while those that but yesterday filled the public eye and ear with the noise



and show of their ambitions, leave a momentary sensation on the surface by their sudden and startling extinction and presently are as if they had never been!

The thought in itself is a commonplace one, and yet every now and then a case occurs, like the one we commemorate, which wonderfully refreshes it and signally renews its lesson for our hearts and lives.

What an indescribable treasure to a community are these unostentatious, unwearied lives of steady fidelity to duty, cheerful recognition of Heaven's beneficence, brotherly affection toward the human family and "patient continuance in well-doing!" The memory of such is, in the words of the old Greek historian "a possession forever." In the memorable language of our own Webster: "The past at least is secure." Unlike that fleeting instant we *call* the Present, which is gone before you can say "here it is" — the Past, whether an hour or a century old, is an abiding Present. A poet says:

"The Past of time and sense shall be  
The Present of Eternity."

Yes! the Past, so glorified in memory, becomes a Prophet of the Future.

"The sunset of life gives me mystical lore."

The evening-glow of the last sunset that drew our eyes to the west, was, to all who thoughtfully beheld it, the morning-gleam of another world beyond the western wilds and waves.

"For what these call evening-red is ever  
Morning-red to those that westward dwell."

The memory of noble lives is an abiding treasure, and the influence that silently went forth from them is an ever

increasing fund of beneficence to the world. How many faces that were, and are, benedictions ! how many familiar forms of men and women, who have become immortal even here by their quiet deeds and dispositions of kindness, repeople to the musing eye the streets and dwellings of this ancient and historic town !

“ Remembrance, faithful to her trust,  
Calls them in beauty from the dust.”

Nay, rather, they left in the dust the raiment of mortality when the Angel called Death touched and took them, and they “went up into a world of light ;” and to-day, as I walk in a quiet hour these memory-haunted streets, they transfigure themselves to my vision into the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, and the familiar old mansions open out into the “everlasting habitations” which are now their dwelling-place.

These all, “being dead” to outward sense, “yet speak” to the inner ear of the spirit and call us to “seek the things which are *above*” — not in any mere local sense, but in the spiritual sense of living above the world’s meannesses and malice, and in the smallest cares and labors of the day and hour applying such principles and obeying such motives as are worthy of immortality.

And now, well and worthily continuing this noble procession down to our time, shine such names as JONES VERY and SAMUEL JOHNSON, JOHN BERTRAM and AUGUSTUS STORY.

Augustus Story was born on the 6th of April, 1812, in the quaint old town of Marblehead, once laconically described as a place “no one ever arrived at by accident or left without regret.” He was the son of William and Elizabeth (Patten) Story. His father and Judge Story were half-brothers, being sons of Dr. Elisha Story by

different wives. His mother was a daughter of John Patten, after whom her second son John was named.

Both of Augustus's grandfathers, the paternal and the maternal, had somewhat eventful careers. The kindness of Dr. Wheatland has furnished me the following interesting and remarkable items in the history of the former. Elisha Story, son of William and Elizabeth Marion Story, was born Dec. 3, 1743; and married, in 1767, Ruth, daughter of Major John Ruddock. He was surgeon in Col. Little's regiment; marched to Lexington, April 19, 1775, and fought as a volunteer from Concord to Boston. At the battle of Bunker Hill, on the seventeenth of June, 1775, he fought in the trench at the side of his friend Gen. Warren. He was at Trenton and other battles, and when his regiment disbanded he returned to Boston and resumed his practice. Having gone to Marblehead by invitation of the selectmen to inoculate the people, he took up his abode there, and there his first wife died March 21, 1778.

The other grandfather, John Patten, had also a somewhat adventurous history. In one of his voyages, chased by Algerine pirates, he and his crew only escaped by taking to their boats and reaching an island. Those were the pirates who were such a terror on the ocean that Washington issued a circular asking the clergy to take up collections for the sufferers from their cruelties, and Rev. Isaac Story, brother of Elisha, preached about it in Marblehead and took a contribution.

It was before Dr. Elisha settled in Marblehead, and while he had taken his family to Malden for safety during the troubles in Boston, that his son William, Augustus's father, was born there, Aug. 18, 1774.

William Story married Elisabeth Patten, Aug. 6, 1797. They had eight children; four sons and four daughters. Augustus was the youngest of all. The fifth child, named

Joseph after the Judge, lived only a month. The eldest, a daughter, still lives ; this oldest daughter and her youngest brother having, for several years, survived all the family.

Capt. William Story removed his family from Marblehead to Salem, when Augustus was about seven years old. He made several voyages to the East Indies during the first quarter of this century ; but in 1827 an unfortunate voyage, in which he was defrauded by a foreign company to a large extent and during his attempts to retrieve which he lost his promising son William at Batavia, determined him to leave the sea, and in 1827 he obtained a position in the Custom House during the Collectorship of Gen. Miller of Lundy Lane memory. There he remained till 1853. Thenceforward he was daily a conspicuous figure in Essex street, vividly remembered, undoubtedly, by many who hear me, attracting attention by his large stature and solid step, his open countenance and fair complexion, his cordial, cheery, ringing, speaking-trumpet voice and hearty greeting ; altogether a grand specimen of a refined seaman and sea-captain. He died March 17, 1864, at the good old age of ninety years. His son Augustus might well have inherited from this father something of the generous and even chivalrous kindness which marked his career ; while from his mother, who in his childhood was much confined by illness, he perhaps derived some of that delicacy and infirmity of constitution, which for many years of his later life checked the free flow of his spirits, depriving his friends at large of the pleasure of his companionship and determining the manifestation of his kindness and generosity to the direction of silent and expressive deeds. His devotion to his mother was peculiarly tender and touching. During her periods of invalidism, he would sit by her bedside, soothe her with strains of his flute and

the singing of hymns, and combine in his attentions the patience of a nurse with the disinterestedness of a lover.

When the Story family removed from Marblehead in 1819, the young Augustus's part in the job seems to have been to drive the family cow all the way over the four mile road to Pickman street, Salem. But the creature grew homesick and twice escaped and trudged back to her old stall and twice the boy went over and drove her back and *reinstalled* her with a faithfulness hardly appreciated by the object of so much care.

In 1821, young Story entered the Latin School, then under the joint charge of the stern but faithful Theodore Eames, and the exuberant and enkindling Henry Kemble Oliver. Mr. Oliver writes me, under date of March 31: "He was remarkable for uniformity of goodness, a good boy, a good son, a good scholar at school and at college, a good man in professional life, every way doing and being good; of even and generous temperament; never known to think, say, or do anything that he would not be willing the whole world and everybody therein should know, see and hear. No citizen of Salem was ever less ostentatious, and yet none better known, more universally esteemed and honored. Unambitious of public life, he yet had decided convictions about public men, public acts and public sentiments; and whatever opinions he adopted were sure to be right. You cannot praise such a man too highly."

This testimony, from such a source, seems to condense about all the eulogistic expressions which I have used, or may yet use, in this whole paper.

At the school, Story commended himself alike to his masters and to his companions by the whole-heartedness with which he gave himself, in turn, to study and to sport; the truthfulness and magnanimity, the modesty and manli-

ness ; together with the tendency to sudden and exuberant bursts of merriment, which seemed to relieve a strain of seriousness and refresh him for renewed intensity of mental labor. I well remember how, after walking on for a long time in a silent and abstracted mood, he would suddenly turn upon us with an outpouring of the gravest nonsense — that nonsense which,

“now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.”

The same earnestness which he carried into the school-room he also exhibited as one of our doughtiest champions in the pitched battles of the school with the Knockers'-Hole barbarians, or the side skirmishes on the homeward march with the Button-holders, Uptowners, or whatever other squads might molest our flank or rear. In such cases the old Marblehead pluck and grit were quite conspicuous. But in all this there was not the least bravado. Beneath all were the simplicity and tenderness which always accompany the best kind of bravery.

In the fall of 1828, Story entered Harvard College in a class of seventy-four, sixteen of whom were from Salem, the largest class this town ever sent, of whom only five are now living: Henry Wheatland, John Henry Silsbee, William Silsbee, William S. Cleveland and Charles T. Brooks.

At college Story exhibited, possibly in a still more striking form, the same combination of traits which had marked his schooldays. As his roommate for four years, I can well bear witness to his unswerving fidelity as a student, whether as we sat and struggled against so many annoyances, in that then dusty old room, the so-called "Tavern," 19 Hollis; or, more emphatically, as we were brought to so close a *vis-à-vis* at the little centre-table in

the low attic (No. 30), opposite the southwestern corner of the fourth story in old Massachusetts; or when we were promoted into the more spacious No. 12, Stoughton, or, finally, into the airy and commanding quarters of No. 24 Holworthy.

Story was a hard student; equally faithful to all the college studies, whether congenial or not to his genius and his tastes. At the same time he was as hearty and, at times, hilarious, in sport as he was serious in study. He was one of our most popular classmates, attracting around him delighted companions by the threefold cord of mimicry, mirthfulness and music. I made the qualification a moment ago, that he was "*at times* hilarious;" for already there were serious manifestations of those depressing dyspeptic difficulties which so obstructed the comfort and freedom of his after years and finally broke him down, till death was the good physician that could alone give him relief.

The days when we entered college, fifty years ago, were the days, I will not say of "plain living and high thinking," but of hard fare and hard work. It was a time when some of us helped ourselves out by certain menial services which are now remanded to outside laborers; when, ringing college bells, kindling the fires in recitation rooms in cold winter dawns, and boarding in Commons at "ten and six" (\$1.75) a week, one continued to go through the whole four years for what is now set down as the lowest estimate of a student's expenses for a single year.

I am now inclined to think that, with all his frequent babbings over of fun and frolic, Story suffered more, even during his college life, from dyspepsia and what he used to call "heartburn," than any of us, even those who were nearest to him, suspected.

In general scholarship Story reached in college a high rank, standing at last about ninth, at all events within the first ten or twelve of the class. The want of ease in expression was compensated by accuracy and thoroughness of knowledge. The freedom and fluency which partly, I think, his physical malady denied his spoken word, found place in his writing, both in the mental and manual parts of the work, in which there was grace and often unusual felicity. I recall particularly two specimens of his composition; the first his exhibition Dissertation, the opening of which with its neat handwriting and its terse turn of phrase stands clearly before my mind's eye: "The human mind," it began, "has no limits. The horizon that seems to bound it is only imaginary;" and the second is the "Part" he recited at graduation on the 29th of August, 1832, in a "Deliberative Discussion" on the question, "Are political improvements best effected by Rulers or the People?" in which Story treated the popular side, and concluded thus: "As sure as the rising sun will ascend to its meridian, so surely shall the knowledge that has dawned upon the civilized world grow brighter and brighter and more diffused, till the hiding places of ignorance and despotism are purged. The present twilight of the mind cannot long remain. It is ominous of change. The many must not forever toil and sweat and live and die without feeling that they are above the clay they till. An all-powerful and sufficient agent of political renovation will be found in the unerring progress of knowledge. It requires no eye of prophecy to discern that the already tottering thrones of Europe must sink before it. The unconquerable spirit of liberty — that inspiration of the Divinity — now so manifest, will not permit man when he has tasted its sweets to forsake it. He will cling to it for life or for death with unflinching devotion; and if he dies



for it, he dies rejoicing, a martyr in the best of causes, — the cause of Reason and Humanity.”

From the day of graduation our ways parted, both professionally and locally, and after that I saw my old chum but very seldom and not long for any one time, and after his return from the west to make his residence in Salem, only a few hours each year on my annual visits to my native town. Story, partly perhaps from his relationship to the great jurist, chose the law for his profession. While pursuing the preparatory studies, he was induced by our classmate Ropes to join him in Baltimore and assist in teaching a school for girls which the latter was opening in that city. He staid there, however, only a short time, pursuing his law studies in the intervals of release from the somewhat irksome duties of the school. He contracted a fever which obliged him to return home. His health being restored, he was tempted in 1836 to start for the west, hoping to find an opening for professional labor, as well as the full establishment of his strength in its newly opened regions. He first tried Detroit, but a recurrence of the fever, which had sent him home from Baltimore, drove him further onward, until he reached the wilds of Wisconsin.

I find among my old letters two or three received from him at that period, with the old twenty-five cent postmark, the first dated: "Milwaukee, Jan. 25, 1837." It begins, in his fine, flowing hand: "It is now about three months since I left Salem in search of a resting place in the distant west, and I have but just found it." He goes on to say that he at first tried Detroit, but the lawyers were too numerous there and the water intolerable. Then too, the morning and evening air was damp and dangerous. He describes a phenomenon which he says is common in those parts, as showing the effect of a cold night on the moisture

contained in the atmosphere. "The trees and grass were covered with frost about a quarter of an inch thick or more, which blew off with the first breath of morning, filling the atmosphere with its fine particles, resembling a snowstorm in the sunshine. This is never seen in Wisconsin." Here too, beside fine New-England-like spring water, he is charmed to find hills; "stones too." The whole township of Milwaukee, he tells me, contains about 2500 inhabitants; the village about 1800, and people are confident, he says, it will soon outstrip Chicago.

He complains in his next letter that, as a result of dyspepsia, his mind is growing "desultory" and "dilatatory," to such a degree that it seems to him "a gigantic work to remedy the evil."

He grows more and more enraptured with the climate of Wisconsin, particularly with the purity and stillness of the winter air. "The sun shines in unclouded lustre, and not a breath of wind moves the dead leaves of the forest." In all his letters he shows that nice observation of nature which his friends well remember as characterizing him in the quiet years he spent in this famous garden-town of Salem.

His third letter opens in a more promising manner, as regards his mental state. He says: "I have been intending to write for some time past, but having had *not much to do*, have *hardly had time*, but now, when business actually crowds me a little, I find time enough to write some half-dozen letters." He returns to the charms of the climate. "Our sunsets remind me of all that has been pictured of the Italian. A rich, glowing, indescribable lustre over-spreads the heavens, and if there be any straggling clouds, they are suffused with a thousand bright and varying hues."

Under date of March, 1841, he writes that he has removed about twelve miles into the country near Prairie-

ville, and this is the last western letter from him I find among my papers.

But a far better testimony concerning our friend as one of the earliest explorers of that western country I have in a full account of a gathering which took place in Milwaukee a few months since, of the surviving pioneers of that now swarming settlement. "No man more lovable," said one of the speakers, "ever slept in a log-house in Wisconsin. His modesty, gentleness and refinement would have graced any circle. His genial humor and sunny temper in every festive group made a love-feast. No man more upright, noble and incapable of guile ever sat in legislative hall. . . . He was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, a most important post at this formative period, when our first code of laws was made by the Legislature of 1838."

And the speech closes with a comment on the remarkable resolutions of the Bank and the Insurance Company of this city over which our friend so long presided, echoing a feeling, which, I am sure, they must have awakened in all our hearts: namely, that they were "too nicely exact and discriminating to be words of common eulogy," and "show, after forty years passed since he left us in active life and arduous labors, that he had grown more ripe and beautiful in all those qualities which so endeared him to the pioneers of Milwaukee."

In 1842 Story returned to this place of which he was so attached a son, and of which for the remaining forty years of his life he was to be so beloved and honored a citizen and so quiet and constant a benefactor.

Soon after his return he formed a partnership as counsellor-at-law with the late John S. Williams. But he did not long continue his legal practice; in 1843 he was elected treasurer, and in 1848 president, of the newly

formed Holyoke Ins. Co. ; for three years from which time he was a member of the Common Council ; in 1857, of the Board of Aldermen ; in 1861 became a director, and in 1875 was chosen president, of the Salem National Bank. In 1849-54, a Representative to the Mass. Legislature.

And this brings me to a portion of his life, of which I cannot speak from any direct knowledge. I could indeed, if it were necessary, reasoning *a priori*, as the metaphysicians say, from my earlier acquaintance, draw a picture of the spirit and style in which he must have discharged his duties as a business man and a public officer, which would not differ essentially from the real history ; but happily I need not resort to any guesses here. I can appeal to men who have been for years associated with him in official capacities ; they will bear witness — they *have* done so most impressively — to the rare conscientiousness and high-mindedness with which he administered the trusts reposed in him.

The Board of Insurance over which he so long presided lay special emphasis on the fact that, in interpreting and applying the old proverb of honesty being the best policy, Mr. Story was *honest* in the good old Roman sense (improved indeed by the Christian spirit), of *honorable*, handsome and fair dealing. He would not have the least advantage taken of technical flaws in a policy or accidental informalities, and thus made his company a bright and elevating example to all similar bodies.

It is an old saying that "corporations have no souls ;" but a signal refutation of the universality of this reproach is seen in the resolutions of the two principal Institutions over which he presided, the Insurance and the Banking Companies, in memory of Augustus Story. I can confidently affirm that, in all my reading of that class of documents, I never met with one that was so utterly free

from the conventional tone of official eulogy, — one in which there quivered (if I may say so) through every line a sense of real, personal esteem and sorrow and gratitude.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Company held this twenty-eighth day of October, 1882, the following Resolutions were adopted :

Whereas the great Disposer of events in his wisdom has removed from us our esteemed and honored President and Treasurer, Augustus Story, Esquire, and whereas his intimate official relations with the members of this Board make it fitting that they should place on record their high appreciation of his character and services.

Therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Story the Holyoke Company has sustained a great and irreparable loss. Identified with the Company from its very organization and for nearly two score years presiding over its affairs, he has devoted to its interests all his energies and administered its concerns with singular fidelity and zeal. Patient and painstaking, watchful and unsparing of labor, comprehending the principles and grasping all the lines of policy which lie at the basis of sure success in the business of Insurance, yet never regardless of even the minutest details of practical work, by his example encouraging his associates and inspiring to cheerful labor all his subordinates, he raised the Company from weakness to strength, in spite of unexampled losses and the severest drafts upon its resources, placed it upon the strongest foundations, and gave it honorable record among the largest financial institutions of the Commonwealth.

Of unswerving integrity in all business as in all personal relations, recognizing that in Insurance matters as everywhere else, honesty is the best policy, Mr. Story insisted that justice and equity should control all the doings of the Company, that no policy should be contested on technical grounds, that the payment of no loss should be withheld because of any informality or accidental error, and so he secured the Holyoke Company from the opprobrium and disgrace into which the business of Mutual Insurance had fallen in this community, made its name synonymous with honor and fair dealing, and secured for it prosperity and success so long as the principles and policy which he pursued shall animate and govern his successors in the work.

*Resolved*, That while by the Company the death of Mr. Story cannot but be regarded as a great public loss, to us his associates, many of whom have been privileged to coöperate with him for a long term of years, his death brings with it a deep sense of personal bereavement. He was so simple and gentle, of such sweet temper, so truth-

ful, candid and sincere, so firm and steadfast, yet so ready to listen to others, so careful yet so liberal, so thoughtful, charitable, generous and just, that we mourn his loss as that of a dear friend, and shall ever cherish his memory with fond and affectionate regard.

*Resolved*, That we respectfully tender to the afflicted family of our departed associate and friend in their great bereavement, our sincere sympathy, in the confident belief that the precious memory of his blameless life, and the grace and beauty of his character will assuage their sorrow, and with the earnest hope that this affliction may be overruled for their highest good.

A true Copy of Record,

[Signed]

THO. H. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the Salem National Bank held on Monday, Oct. 22, 1882,

The following Resolutions were passed and entered upon the Records of the Bank, viz. :

The sudden death of our President, Mr. Augustus Story, calls upon us to fulfil a duty by placing upon record some expression of the loss this Bank has sustained, and gives us the sad satisfaction of declaring our affectionate respect for his virtues and character. It is therefore,

*Resolved*, That for the twenty years of Mr. Story's connection with this Bank as Director and President, by his sound judgment, by his perfect integrity, his conspicuous fairness of mind, his toleration of the opinions of others, and manly reliance upon his own, he has fulfilled the duties of his office in a manner to forward the interests committed to his care, and to command the entire confidence of his associates.

*Resolved*, That while, as Directors of this Bank, we deeply regret the death of an officer so upright and devoted, we desire also to bear our testimony to his character as a citizen, to his intelligent interest in public affairs, to the cultivation and refinement which marked his conversation and manners, and to the unflinching courtesy which made intercourse with our friend a daily pleasure.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk is directed to enter these Resolutions upon the Records of the Bank, and to send a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

In accordance herewith and in behalf of the remaining Directors, James Chamberlain, Henry D. Sullivan, Joseph W. Lefavour, S. Endicott Peabody, Ira P. Pope and Arthur L. Huntington,

I subscribe to the above as a true copy from the Records.

[Signed]

GEO. D. PHIPPEN,

Clerk of the Directors.

One of your most venerable and honest fellow-citizens (Mr. James Chamberlain) who for more than a quarter of a century was associated with Augustus Story in both the bank and the insurance company, writes to me: "You always knew where to find him; he gave his best thought to every duty. His memory is sweet."

He had now found the quiet post which seemed best to suit his quiet disposition, his domestic habits and tastes, his love of nature as well as of books, and to favor the enjoyment of those calm comforts to which he could give the leisure half of each day. He remained unmarried and continued the affectionate and devoted brother and father of the family in Bridge street, of which for the last few years he and one still surviving sister were, as I have said, the sole living representatives. There, in the afternoons, he might be found, in summer, among his fruit trees, in winter, over his books. He had a fine taste in books. He read (*i. e.*, diligently studied) the best in every department, and his shelves were graced with the choicest works of the Greek, Latin and French classics, history (civil and natural) biography, philosophy and poetry. Books were not to him, as to too many prosperous men of business, mere furniture, but real friends, companions and counsellors. He seldom left home except for his morning walk and evening ramble to the Neck or Beverly bridge; and not once, I think, in nearly thirty years had he slept out of Salem. The allusion to his fruit trees will pleasantly recall to the members of this Institute the peculiar interest he always took in the horticultural exhibitions of this society, which he was sure to attend and carefully study.

Those who sought his society, while they noticed that his old hesitancy and want of fluency in communication hardly seemed to wear away much in the growing years,

yet felt the real glow and geniality of his nature in the beaming eye and the tender tone of the voice, and could not but be deeply impressed with the truthfulness and trustworthiness of the man, and with a singular union in his nature of womanly refinement and gentleness with manly strength and solidity, and a certain chivalrous generosity.

In this alternation of business cares and domestic pleasures,—suffering much and yet enjoying much, our friend was enabled to prolong his frail, yet busy and beneficent life a little beyond the term biblically assigned to the days of man on earth. But he had come to the time when the *grasshopper was a burden*, and at last the eyes which seventy years before had opened to the light in the year's opening month, closed amidst the gathering shadows of autumn, and on the nineteenth of October, 1882, he laid down the burden of the flesh and entered into that rest which is free and harmonious action.

And now how eloquently, "he, being dead, yet speaketh" in the memory of his deeds, the working of his influence, the presence of his spirit! While with us on earth in the flesh, he was, we may say, speaking comparatively, a man of few words—yet those few were sincere and significant. The famous motto of Spurzheim would have answered for him: "*Res, non verba, quæro.*"

*What was his creed?* He believed in the divine dignity of human life. Religion with him was a principle, not a profession. For a large part of his later life he never appeared at church. This was probably owing in part to the delicate state of his health, and partly to the strong and sweet attractions of home. He followed the Apostle's precept, to "show piety at home." But though not a church-goer, he was a firm church-supporter. Rev. George Batchelor, his pastor for the last fifteen years,



whose last service, I believe, was the fervent tribute of admiring affection paid at his burial, told me he once asked him, "Did you ever hear me preach?" and was answered "No." But he added that Story was one of his staunch parishioners, and that there was no one to whom he ever appealed for aid in any good work with more certainty of a hearty response. And on the day of his funeral, Mr. Batchelor told me that nothing so reconciled him to leaving Salem as the loss of that faithful parishioner. Yes, our friend was a *pious* man in the best sense, in the large and tender old Roman sense of that so much abused word; and of that charity which is so vitally connected with piety, he surely had a large measure.

He showed his faith by his works. "Silence," it has been said, "is golden." It surely is, when it bears the golden fruit of generous giving. Besides his many and thoughtful private benefactions during his lifetime,—many of which, I have good reason to believe, were known only to the recipients,—mention should here be made of his grateful remembrance of his Alma Mater (whose face I believe he never saw after he left her leading-strings) attested in many forms, and most signally by the gift of two thousand dollars for the foundation of a scholarship, and in his will he has left also the sum of ten thousand dollars, of which, ultimately, the income is to go to the Harvard Observatory; and his regard for his own beloved town, of whose interests he held its intellectual among the foremost, he has shown by leaving to the Institute, which in his life he had so constantly befriended and often enriched, a like amount, on similar conditions, for the purchase and preservation of historical matter, or for publishing and illustrating the proceedings or memoirs of the Institution.

It is time that this protracted, imperfect and desultory paper came to a close. But although I have laid before you what might be compared to a broken mirror, I trust that more than one of its fragments will have not so much revealed, as recalled, somewhat vividly and faithfully, the familiar features of a noble character and life. Such a life is not — could not be — lost. The immortality it has in our hearts is an earnest of that higher and heavenly immortality on which it has entered beyond the veil.

[The following lines by Mr. Brooks were read at the funeral of Mr. Story.]

The desolate soul's heart-broken cry thou hearest,  
 Thou who alone the waves of grief canst still!  
 When the sad heart is loneliest, Thou art nearest,  
 Thou mak'st the void thy Spirit yearns to fill!

O human soul, thou never art forsaken!  
 One trust is thine, to comfort and to cheer:—  
 Though thy last, dearest friend from earth were taken,  
 The Almighty, Everlasting Friend is near.

In this blest truth what precious promise lies!  
 Love never takes *away* what Love had given;  
 The treasure Death has hidden from thine eyes,  
 Shall re-appear more gloriously in Heaven.

Our dead — to no far world have they departed —  
 They have gone *in* to God forevermore:  
 In His pure Spirit-realm the generous-hearted  
 Heaven's work pursue, earth's cares and sorrows o'er.

In God they dwell; though gone beyond our seeing,  
 They live in Him, whose smile lights all our way;  
 In whom *we* live and move and have our being;  
 Whose presence makes our night a higher day.

O Friendship, bond of souls, from God descended!  
 The immortality of God is thine;  
 When heart and heart in mutual love are blended,  
 Their life is portion of the life Divine.

To-day we bid a sad farewell and tender  
 To a dear friend whose life is hid in God;  
 All that the Earth could claim to dust we render,  
 To moulder in the common, silent sod.

But the true soul whose look so kindly greeted  
 The friend and neighbor through those death-sealed eyes,—  
 The mind that once on that pale brow was seated,—  
 Now catch the spirit-light of purer skies.

By tender ties not Death itself could sever,  
 Our hearts were bound to thine, O Brother, here!  
 Part of our dearest life hast thou forever  
 Borne upward with thee to that purer sphere!

The cloud that took thee is with blessing freighted;  
 Soon we shall feel, though tears now dim the eye,  
 Our life, with thine, enlarged and elevated  
 In lofty converse with the world on high.

Of many an earthly hope hath Death bereft us,  
 Yet Heavenly Wisdom the veiled angel sent;  
 And oh! the precious treasure that is left us  
 In the bright memory of a life well-spent!

To lofty vision true and duties lowly,  
 And thoughtful of thy neighbor's weal and woe,  
 A faithful follower of the Pure and Holy,—  
 God's patient pilgrim wast thou here below.

How pleasant hast thou been to me, my Brother!  
 Past years in Memory live forevermore;  
 While Hope assures me we shall meet each other,  
 Where comes no parting, on that brighter shore.

Brother, farewell! thy earthly task is ended!  
 Thy cares and conflicts here below are o'er;  
 From this world's toils and pains thou hast ascended  
 To join in peace the loved ones gone before.

Thou hast gone on a little while before us—  
 A little longer yet we linger here—  
 The clouds of care and doubt and grief hang o'er us—  
 But o'er the clouds God's heaven of love shines clear.

Plain duty's path in quiet faith pursuing,  
 Like thee, would we, too, hold our heavenward way,  
 God's blessed will revering, bearing, doing,  
 Till this dim twilight ends in perfect day.





